## The Salt Lake Herald.

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## BENJAMIN HARRISON, CITIZEN.

THROUGH ALL THE EXPRESSIONS of national grie, over the death of former President Harrison, the dominant note has Leen the recognition accorded his services as a citizen of the republic. An able soldier, a profound lawyer, a senator of high standing, and a capable president, he had the widest opportunities to serve his nation. Yet his best services were rendered as a private citizen. When he was not in public office he still maintained his interest in affairs of government, and was always foremost in every undertaking for the betterment of public administration. He might well have pleaded his activity in official life as an excuse for neglecting administrative affairs when he was out of office, but he had a high ideal of the duties that accompany citizenship. He believed that every good citizen should take part in the guidance of his party. He believed that it was not only every man's right, but his duty, to criticise wrongdoing. It was this sense of duty that led him to speak and write so forcibly his views of the nation's duty in its new possessions. Doubtless he withheld the expression of these opinious during the campaign because he believed the triumph of his party was the lesser of two evils, but after the election he did his utmost to enlighten public opinion and so direct its power that the administration would be compelled to retrace its steps, if not now, in the near future.

He felt deeply the wrongs he believed were being perpetrated by the United States in the Philippines and by Great Britain in South Africa. Bound by the traditions of a lifetime, and believing as he did that the safety of the nation depended upon the success of the Republican party, with all his political associations and friendships in that party, nothing but the most powerful convictions could have induced him to take the stand he did. It is safe to say that no private citizen since the time of Lincoln has written such a terrible arraignment of an administration's policy as Harrison has in his series of "Musings Upon Current Topics," in the North American Review And it may be added that no citizen in private or public life ever proved more thoroughly his devotion to the highest ideals of civic duty.

#### MR. KEARNS AND THE BLARNEY STONE.

L VERYONE WHO KNOWS SENATOR KEARNS will be more than delighted to learn that he is going to visit Europe and that while on the other side of the water he will probably pucker his lips against the Blarney stone. The kiss will probably do nothing for Mr Kearns. No one expects that. It is not possible to adorn the lily; the note of the nightingale cannot be made more sweet and no one has ever been able to intensify the flavor of limberger cheese. Neither can anyone expect the Elarney stone to add anything to the oratory of Thomas Kearns. It is already beyond compare, beyond hope of improvement.

Nevertheless the kissing of the Blarney stone by Mr. Kearns is a matter for congratulation. Think what it will do for the stone. The magic that this rock has exercised over the lips of those who have osculated it will be intensified a thousand fold. It will not be Tom Kearns kissing the Biarney stone, but tradition will record how the Blarney stone kissed Tom Kearns and became so pregnant with forensic fire that in after years when men pressed their lips against it not only was the ordinary citizen made a Demosthenes, but lips that had been mute for life leapt into eloquent activity, lispers ceased to struggle with their "s's" and the stammerer was instantly able to make good without recourse either to blasphemy or expectoration.

By all means let Mr. Kearns kiss the Blarney stone. In no way can be do a more signal service to humanity.

#### THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN.

IT SEEMS REASONABLY SURE that the Denver & Rio Grande and Rio Grande Western roads are to become part of the Gould system, in direct connection with the Missouri Pacific, and on very friendly terms with the Union Pacific. If this deal shall result in the direct management of the Rio Grande Western from Denver or eastern headquarters, and the removal of the general offices from Salt Lake, the result will be viewed with great regret

The Rio Grande Western's interests have been so closely identified with the progress of Utah that it has come to be regarded almost as a home institution. Nearly all of its mileage is within the limits of the state and its general officers, making their homes in this city, have been peculiarly fortunate in their relations with shippers and travelers. The president of the road although a non-resident, has cultivated this same feeling of friendliness, and the general stockholders, through their direct representatives, have more than once demonstrated a personal concern for the welfare of the state that has been entirely in accord with the policy of the general management.

Salt Lakers hope, therefore, that no matter who the new owners of the road are to be, they will recognize the wisdom of maintaining the policy already established. It might be economy for the time beir a but as a matter of dollars and cents it will pay the new stockholders to reconize the traditions of the Rio Grande Western in its relations with the people of Utah.

#### BOTHA HASN'T HAD ENOUGH.

T NOW BECOMES APPARENT that Dewet is not the only crazy man in South Africa. General Botha seems to have been infected by the insanity which urges his dashing comrade to fight for nothing short of independence and to refuse to believe he has been whipped until he is on his back with thing. It appears that just at the time when the British had become sanguine of a complete surrender by the South African commander on the terms proposed by Lord Kitchener, the Boer general has become convinced that there are still several more fights left in him and he is unwilling to go into peaceful retirement until he has had a chance to get them out.

This decision comes at a very inopportune time for the English. They are just now getting more and more tangled with Russia in China. It is not likely that the entanglement will result in war, but war is always a possibility, and a nation can play a much more vigorous diplomatic game when prepared to fight, should a hitch come, than where she already has both hands full to overflowing. So far as her navy is concerned England is not in the least hampered by the Boer war, but a good share of her available land force is now tied up in South Africa and will continue so to be as long as the Boers hold out. Hence it would undoubtedly greatly relieve the British diplomats to hear that peace had beer concluded in South Africa. They could then use a much sterner tone in treating with the Russians, for not only would they have the whole fighting strength of the empire to back them up, but they would have a well equipped army half way to the scene of possible hostili-

#### THE DIFFICULTY OF LETTING GO.

M. CARNEGIE IS AUTHORITY for the statement that it requires as much thought and effort to distribute money wisely. freely. As Andrew has done more than the average man in both these lines, he ought to be an authority. It is certainly a subject which every man would be willing to investigate tho oughly by practical experiments, but, unfortunately, very few are able to get past the mere elementary principles in either branch. Gthers are able to go into one branch pretty thoroughly, but seldom have any time for the other. Lucky young men with thrifty habits often get along pretty well in the acquiring line, but seldom are able to wind up that branch of the business in time to start in dispensing. Still luckier young men with thrifty parents find a pile already acquired of such proporlons that their whole time is occupied in distributing it.

To the average layman the distributing looks much easier than the acquiring, but to do this wisely may be a different matter, for appearances are often deceitful. Things that look like bargains sometimes turn out to be Governor Crittenden's Reminiscences the reverse, and the man who thinks he has been distributing in favor of a good time occasionally wakes up to find that all he has for his money is a headache. But however that may be, Andrew seems to have struck the combination. At least, he appears to be getting all sorts of fun out of his method of distributing his wealth, if the way he keeps at it can be taken as a criterion, and aside from a few councilmen in Ogden there is no one that will

be likely to stand in his way. It is nard to believe, however, that it is much of an effort for Andrew to distribute his wealth. This would be believable in the case of Russell Sage ical speech. In detailing the matter to end a few others, but after the easy grace with which Mr. Carnegie has been me he said he thought he was ready scattering his coin, it will take even more than his own word to make us

The Irish nationalists are now disputing King Edward's right to call himself defender of the faith. This is only a way they have of trying to impress upor him that he has no title to call himself anything but Dennis.

A special dispatch to London says "a new dervish movement is said to have occurred in the Soudan." Are we to take from this that the hoochykoochy dance has gone out of favor?

A theft of chickens resulted in one Chicago man killing another, notwithstanding the fact that the price of eggs has been declining at a most

The fact that John D. Rockefeller has decided to go into the Steel trust incleates that his friend Mark has investigated it and found that it was good.

breath, the Boers are now willing to proceed with the festivities. Among the most enthusiastic collectors of the country is George Could.

Having induced Lord Kitchener to give them a chance to get their

Mr. Gould's hobbies are coins and railroads.

The eyes of the police are now open so wide that their eyelashes pro-

trude over the backs of their collars.

#### SOCIETY NOTES!

The marriage of Miss May Read and Archibald Livingston took place last evening at 70 Willard court.

Mrs. William Reid gave a delightful Kensington yesterday.

Mrs. D. C. Dunbar entertained at dinner last evening in honor of her sister, Mrs. E. R. Eldredge.

Mrs. Henry Moss, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Allen, leaves today for her home in Denver.

The Misses Dwyer entertain tomor-

. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells returned yesterday from the east. Among other points, she visited Washington and witnessed President McKinley's in-

The third piano recital by the young pupils of Miss Lulabel Eldredge was

pupils of Miss Lulabel Eldredge was given last evening at the Ladies' Literary club building to a good sized and appreciative audience. The programme, aithough somewhat lengthy, reflected much credit upon the work of Miss Eldredge. One of the most interesting numbers was that of little Fay Putnam, a wee tot too small to climb on the piano stool, but who played with remarkable ease and abandon.

Those who assisted on the programme were Miss Connie McAllister and Mr. Fred Graham, who sang respectively "In Sunny Spain" and "Near or Parted." The pupils of Miss Eldredge who played were Lulu and Ella Harr, Evalyn Whytock, Josephine Beniams, Elda Havenor, Ada White, Imojane Valentine, Ruby Hadley, Hazel Bouregard, Fay Putnam and Master Bennie Pratt.

The members of company C, First infantry, N. G. U., gave a dancing party last evening at the armory. About 175 couples were present and enjoyed the dance until near midnight, when taps were blown and the merry dancers returned to their homes. The hall was gaily decorated, the walls being one mass of flags and bunting. Ten returned volunteers from the Philippines, who were mustered out last week in

who were mustered out last week in San Francisco, were the guests of honor and the heroes of the evening.

This is the first time any of the local companies have entertained friends in this manner, and the example may be followed, by others. The committee of arrangements was composed of Lieutenant William C. Webb, chairman; Sergeant Fred J. Burkhardt, Sergeant John Clawson, Corporal William Pearson, Private Leroy N. Rose and Private Lewis Hirschvogle.

#### SPANISH PUBLICATIONS.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 15.
To the Editor of The Heridi:
Would you please answer the following question: What publications in Spanish, newspapers and magazines, are in circulation in the United States?

A SUBSCRIBER.

All Spanish publications can be obtained in the United States if desired. The following are printed here:
San Francisco—Revista del Pacifico Revista Hispano-Americana,

Colo.-La Hermandad, Las Vegas, N. M.-La Voz del Pueb-

lo, weekly.

New York—El Provenor, weekly, and
El Commercio, El Comprado HispanoAmericano, Gaceta Medico Farmacentica, Revista Populær and Scientific
American Export Edition, all month-

Cincinnati—El Internacional, weekly, San Antonio, Tex.—El Cronista,

#### THE EVANS BILL VETO.

(Chicago Record.)

The action of Governor Heber M. Wells of Utah in vetoing the polygamy bin passed by the legislature of that state undoubtedly is a cause for widespread gratification. It spares the country from a threatened disgrace and from the consideration of a decidedly unsavory issue. The bill in question provides that no person may bring a charge of polygamy except the alieged plural wire of the accessed or one of his blood relations. It was represented, on behalf of the bill, that it would put a step to malicious prosecutions growing out of political or sectarian controversies. As a matter of fact, the whole effect of the bill would be to give the polygamist exemption from the nation's laws and usages respecting marriage. So long as he kept on good terms with his wives and his relatives he would be free to practice polygamy without restraint.

Governor Wells' veto message is lamentably illogical in its reasoning and obviously deferential to the polygamist sentiment in Utah. He loudly protests his friendship for the people who are affected by his act, asserting that the proposed law would be a most effective weapon against the very classes it aims to protect. He points out, moreover, that the bill would create a demand upon congress for a constitutional amendment designed to cover the particular needs of Utah, and he declares that this would be obnoxious to the people of the state. But if his tender regard for the polygamists is unbecoming, his veto is none the less effective and its practical results none the less commendable.

(Kansas City Star.) (Chicago Record.)

(Kansas City Star.)

(Kansas City Star.)

Whether Utah recognizes the fact or not. Governor Wells is entitled to the gratitude of his state for vetoing the obnoxious Evans bill which would practically haves nullified the state's anti-polygamy laws. The adoption of the measure would have been a blot on the name of Utah and would have led to a contest between that state and the rest of the Union which would flave proyed disastrous to the Mermon community. The country would never have allowed the system of polygamy to be protected by the law. The success of the Evans measure would have meant the adoption of a constitutional amendment under which the federal government would have been subjected to a season of disturbance which would have frequently its development. During the passion of the moment Governor Wells may be condemned by a majority of the Mormons of Utah. In the end they will probably come to recognize that he has done them the greatest possible service.

#### STORIES OF FAMOUS MEN.

of Figures in Public Life.

(Kansas City Star.) "Did you ever think," said Governor Crittenden, "how little it sometimes takes to knock an orator off his fet? Something less than fifty years ago George G. Vest went from Frankfort to some little town between that place for any emergency or opponent, was loaded with facts, figures and rhetoric. Quite a crowd had gathered before a small store to hear the young man, some sitting on boxes, some on kegs and many on their haunches. Vest said he felt in first rate order, just in the he felt in first rate order, just in the right spirit to knock out everything and anybody who might oppose him on that occasion, that he had prepared a few candy sticks in sentences to catch the ears of the groundlings. As he was sailing off in one of his best flights a long, lank, freckled faced fellow, about six feet and a half high, arose from his doubled up position and exclaimed as he walked from the crowd, 'Go it, my peckerwood.' This, said

ber from Brooklyn, by saying to the general when he was addressing congress: The gentleman from Massachusetts has been occupying much time in trying to persuade this body that he is right and it is wrong, which reminds me of the little bull that planted itself on the track of a railroad, to knock the locomotive into the ditch. In a few moments, it is said, the little animal gathered its bruised remnants up in the ments, it is said, the little animal gathered its bruised remnants up in the ditch as best it could, saying as it hobbled off: "Much bravery, but damn poor judgment." Butler, receiving the remarks in good humor, took his seat almost breathless, and the lower he got dewn into his seat, the more he laughed. Few orators could get the advantage of old Ben, anywhere, or in any kind of a 'scrimmage' in words. He was always strong, aggressive and cool

was always strong, aggressive and cool.
"I think General Ben Butler was the best posted man on all questions before congress I ever saw. Now and then some congressman, inferior to him in brains and information, got the advantage of him, but he more often in brains and information, got the advantage of him, but he more often to came off victorious in that arena. He and Sam Cox once got into one of those long running debates on the floor of congress, each often putting questions to the other in the most pertinent and brilliant way. It was Damascus blade against Damascus blade. At last Cox put some worrying questions to him, leaving his seat to do so, with a gleam in his eye as if saying. Now, old fellow, I've got you where you must confess or surrender. "Butler, being tired of the badgering, turned on him as a lion does on his prey, and said, 'Shoo fly, don't bodder me.' From the very manner in which it was said, and coming upon the house so unexpectedly, the house burst into one prolonged laugh. Right there and then, as Uncie Remus says, Cox lost his money have read he mitted on the proper of the property of the prop

then, as Uncie Remus says, Cox lost his money bag, and he wilted as if an ice shower bath had fallen suddenly on his little person. Butler walked over and congratulated him upon his over and congratulated him upon his defeat. Both had a good laugh over it and both retired at once as if hunting some place that Mrs. Nation would smash with a hatchet."

"This reference to Cox reminds me of an incident told by that gentleman himself. 'Senator Bayard and myself,' himself. Senator Bayard and myself, said Mr. Cox, were to speak at Albany. We had an immense audience. Bayard led off in one of the best efforts of his life, the very air was charged with magnetism, he was cheered to the echo as he proceeded, and when he sat down there was a perfect storm of applause. I was to follow. I was boiling over with enthusiasm myself, and as I stepped forward I raised my arm and, extending the index finger towards the vast throng. I raised my arm and, extending the index finger towards the vast throng, ecried out in the elation of my spirits, "Boys, we've got 'em, we've got 'em bad; what's your licker?" The voice was so peculiar and the witticism so apropos that the whole audience was convulsed with laughter. But, imagine, if you can, my chagrin! I was unable to go on, and retired while making a forced effort to join the general merriment."

"Judge Stiles tells me of a very amusing incident he himself witnessed in Iowa, where Henry Clay Dean was making one of his most impassioned addresses before a large outdoor audience. He was appealing with all the fervor of his great eloquence to the grandeur of the Democratic party, the glory of its achievements, its patriotism and old-fashioned honesty. As he touched upon this latter point his form heightened, his eyes glistened with pride and, turning himself with raised hands to the different points of his audience, he defiantly exclaimed in tones which, once heard, could never be forgotten: I defy and challenge any man in this vast audience to point out a single act of extravagance in this or any other Democratic administration. (This was during President Buchanan's administration). in Iowa, where Henry Clay Dean was

(Washington Star.)
"Boh" Pinkerton, the famous detective,

has never objected to telling a story on himself, even when the point of it con-

himself, even when the point of it consists in his having been made to "hold the bag." When he was in Washington to keep an eye out for shady characters at the last Bennings race meeting he told of how a gang of alleged handlers of "knock-out drops" had fooled him about a year before.

"I was traveling from Chicago to New York," said Mr. Pinkerton. "We'd only been out from Chicago about half a dozen hours when my attention was attracted by the peculiar conduct of a party of four well-dressed and somewhat larky young men in the smoking compariment of the car on which I was riding. From the beginning of the journey I had noticed that these young chaps had been observing me pretty strongly, and I caught a couple of them pointing to me and nudging each other—I saw the thing out of the tail of my eye—when the conductor approached my seat and addressed me by name.

"Therefore when I happened to catch."

tail of my eye-when the conductor approached my seat and addressed me by name.

"Therefore when I happened to catch sight of a little game among the four in the smoking compartment, I kept them in good view, although I didn't suppose they knew I was watching them. I saw that a quart bottle was being passed around among them pretty freely. Now, there was nothing unusual about that, of course, but I immediately formed strong suspicions when I observed that three of them were only pretending to take their drinks of liquor out of the glass the porter provided, while the fourth, a young fellow who had a lot of exceedingly valuable jewelry scattered about his parson, was actually gulping the liquor down at a great rate and was obviously becoming foolishly intoxicated. Now, it naturally struck me as a queer thing, the cautious and furtive way the three young chaps emptied their glasses into the spittoon when the fourth young fellow wasn't looking, and, in view of the latter's possession of so much fine jewelry, it looked like a fair calculation that they didn't mean him any good.

"Finally, when the fourth man was

"Finally, when the fourth man was very much intoxicated, to judge by his bolsterous manner, I saw the three who had been dumping their druks tip each other the wink, and then one of them, after looking around with great furtiveness, pulled a small vial out of his vest pocket.

a few candy sticks in sentences to catch the ears of the groundlings. As he was sailing off in one of his best flights a long, lank, freckled faced fellow, about six feet and a half high, arose from his doubled up position and exclaimed as he walked from the crowd, 'Go it, my peckerwood.' This, said Vest, came upon him so unexpectedly it completely knocked from his mind the lines of thought. He was unable to proceed any further, at once sitting down in the profoundest sorrow. He made a vow he would never return to that village again. It is well known to Vest's old friends that his hair in those early days was as red as the took knot of a peckerwood, and that made the remark peculiarly fitting to him."

"I once saw General Butler knocked it most speechless on the floor of congress by Simeon B, Chittenden, a mem-

handed the doped glass of liquor to the intoxicated chap, who was manifestly to be the victim of the three, and he took it greedily and guiped it down. Then he gradually ceased his boisterous talking, rested his head back on the cushion of his chair, and, with his mouth wide open, apparently yielded to the effects of the knock-out fluid.

"As soon as he had succumbed—I saw it all in a glass page in the partition here."

"As soon as he had succumbed—I saw it all in a glass page in the partition here."

t all in a glass pane in the partition between the smoking compartment and the body of the car—the three exchanged sig-nificant glances, and then they leaned over their apparently unconscious com-panion and began to strip him of his newery.

nificant glances, and then they leaned over their apparently unconscious companion and began to strip him of his jeweiry.

"I reached the door of the smoking compariment in two jumps.

"Pretty coarse work, sons. I said, just showing them the gun I had in my hand, but not leveling it at them. 'and I am surprised that you be so toolish as to think that you could get away with the goods in such a raw way. Now, I've seen the whole game from the beginning, and the three of you are to consider yourselves corralled. As perhaps you know, my name is Pinkerton, and I have the authority to put you under arrest.'

"The young fellow who was being robbed when I broke, in slumbered on with his mouth wide open, and the other three looked terribly alarmed. Their faces got red, and they began to reproach each other.

"I told you he was Pinkerton,' one of them said bitteriy.

"I didn't want to get mixed up in this job, anyhow,' said another.

"Even if Pinkerton wasn't on the train, you idiots ought to've known how this train was watched,' said the third.

"Say, what are you going to do with us?' all three inquired of me at once.

"I'm going to take the bunch of you off the train at the next stop and make complaint against you,' I replied, 'and I can give it to you pretty straight that you're all in trouble, and a whole lot of it.'

"Then the unconscious victim couldn't

of it.

"Then the unconscious victim couldn't old in any longer. He jumped up and tout a roar that drowned the screeching of the engine's whistie, and then he all back into his chair and held his sides and shrieked. The other three likewise oppled into their chairs and just moaned ath joy.

"Oh, well, it didn't need any end-on offision to make me see how those four oung reprobages had looled me. I saw

with joy.

"Oh, well, it didn't need any end-on collision to make me see how those four young reprobates had looled me. I saw it then, all right, while they fell back into their chairs and rocked themselves in their glee. They offered me a drink out of the quart bottle. It contained tea, secured by the porter from the dining car. The user of the 'knock-out' drops pulled the vial from his pocket and drank off the contents right before me, and smacked his lips, and remarked that he hadn't tasted such rattling good cistern water for several months.

"The four young scamps were university lads on their way east for a bit of a trip. They had recognized me, from pictures of me published in the Chicago papers, as soon as they got on the car, and they had fixed up the scheme on me. I bit, and I bit hard, and that's all there is about it. I didn't say a word, but silently conducted the four of them to the buffet car, and told them that it was all on me."

#### HERO OF THE WRECKED RIO.

The Quartermaster Laid Down His Life for Others.

(Leslie's Weekly.) Tales of heroic self-sacrifice come from the wreck and Quartermaster Fred Lindstrom emerges as the hero of the occasion. The story of what he dared and did makes pleasant reading in these sorid commercial days, and reminds one of that beautiful phrase, Better love hath no man than this, "Better love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Lindstrom was so strongly possessed of that sense of duty that he, as an officer of the ship, must try to save the others, that he laid down his life again and again, not only for men of his own blood, but for men, yellow and despised, Chinese and Japanese. Some twenty-two lives stand to anese. Some twenty-two lives stand to his credit, and, in the end, after entire recklessness so far as his own life was concerned, and again and again giving his good place to others, he was saved, as he ought to have been. The world is not so rich in heroes that it can afford to lose such men as Lindstrom

single act of extravagance in this or any other Democratic administration.

(This was during President Buchanan's administration).

(Whereupon, An the rear part of the audience, a man arose and said. T can point out one. What was it? Point it out, point it out, defiantly retorted Dean, calmiy folding his arms. 'It was when the Democratic party made the government pay Henry Clay Dean for praying in the United States senate.' Dean, probably for the first time in his life on the rostrum, was nonplused. For a moment he was speechless with rage; then, raising his voice to a tone that carried it far beyond the confines of that vast audience, and shaking his fist at the fellow, he exclaimed with the ferocity of a wounded tiger:

"You are a lian'sir; you are a lian, saving all but such hypocrites to religion and such renegades to society as you; all such are beyond the sovereign grace of God.' It is useless to say that the man wilted under the reply made buzz saw was in full motion. Mr. Dean was the quickest man in repartee I ever knew. He touched and killed, smiled and buried."

FELL VICTIM TO GANG.

Bob Pinkerton Tells of Experience With a Knock-out Band.

"Boh" Pinkerton the famous detection." "An ewas a man—that quarter-master," say those that he saved. The Chinese on the raft, though there was room for one more in the boat. Lindstrom called to the fishermen to come back after them, though in the dense fog the chances were about a hundred to one that they would never be found. For tunderly, a naphthal launch belonging to fishermen, which was cruising around looking for men alive or dead, came across Lindstrom's raft and towed it ashore.

"Boh" Pinkerton the famous detection." "An he was a man—that quarter-master," say those that he saved. The Chinese for not speak English but the found of the complex of the present the fine of the same and then save a life raft with several Chinese or the floated and to the swam about for some ten minutes and then saw a life raft with several Chinese or the foated around. He swam a R. H. Long, a California produce

"Ah, he was a man—that quarter-master," say those that he saved. The Chinese to not speak English, but doubtless their lives are as dear to them as are those of the whites.

## MORGAN'S SIMPLE FOOD.

Great Financier Dotes on Corned Beef and Cabbage. (Chicago Tribune.) J. Pierpont Morgan dines on corn beef

and cabbage. He drinks water almost exclusively, and he never tastes anything stronger than coffee. No servant employed in his house eats plainer food. Yet J. Pierpont Morgan is one of the mightiest forces that ever operated in American finance, and lives in a house that is generally referred to as a pal-ace, and has a host of liveried servants to come at his beck and call. Mr. Mor-gan has the florid countenance that is generally believed to invariably indigenerally believed to invariably indi-cate high living, and if one who did not know Mr. Morgan's habits were to be asked to guess the things that went to make up Mr. Morgan's dinner, he would probably answer: "Pate de foie gras, canvasback duck, terrapin, bur-gundy and champagne." But Mme. Ge-net, for years in the employ of Mrs. Morgan, is authority for the statement that this guess would be several hunthat this guess would be several hundred miles away from the mark.

Mr. Morgan sits down at 7 o'clock in the evening in the elegantly appointed dining room in his New York castle. and, after glancing at the solid silver candlesticks and the little tapers twinkling behind silk shades, and taking a look at the great mass of flowers in the center of the table, and contemplating the handsome china around him, has his servants bring him what is referred to in loud and excited tones by the waiters in the short order restau rants as: "Stock yards an' garden truck —draw one." And the soft-stepping ser vant glides up to Mr. Morgan and de-posits in front of him a plate of corn beef and cabbage. Corn beef and cabbage. Is not that a dainty dish to set before the king of

But when it comes to eating Mr. Morgan prefers corned beef and cabbage. He eats cabbage because he thinks it is the greatest brain food in the world. Cabbage is conceded by scientists to be a wonderful brain food. Corned beef of the best kind is also one of the most casily directed and most pourishing. easily digested and most nourishing forms of meat eaten by man. So Mr. Morgan has method in his plain dining.

Mr. Morgan is not the only great financier who is credited with simplicity in his diet. Russell Sage eats crackers and milk or crackers and cheese, or at least crackers, anyhow. J. J. Hill, who built up the Great Northern railroad, outs the search of the that he did when eats the same fare that he did when he was a young man and drew only daily wages. John W. Gates, who is so rich that he can also afford to dine on corned beef and cabbage without the people saying that he was mean, inclines instead toward the terrapin and the pate de fole gras style of dining, and his table would make the mouth of Lucullus water.

#### THE EDUCATED MAYOR.

His Opponent Said He Spelled "if" With Only One "f." (Saturday Evening Post.)

Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell of New York is figuring prominently in the newspapers again, having resumed intense political activity. Mr. Campbell is one of the picturesque characters of the crowded east side of the metropolis, and one of its greatest statesmen. Dur-ing the several terms that Tim served in congress he was always prominent before the house. One of his colleagues from Manhattan was Colonel "Jack' Adams. Mr. Adams is a lawyer, bu while he and Mr. Campbell were in congress together he spent most of his time working off practical jokes at the expense of the east side statesman. Tim had been in and out of Tammany hall several times, those changes depending on whether his claims were recognized

on whether his claims were recognized or repudiated.

A very hot political canvass found Tim one of the stanchest adherents of the hall. Colonel "Jack" had had a falling out with the powers, and was just as strong on the other side. Tim took this very much to heart, as his admiration for his fellow congressman was very strong. He concluded that was very strong. He concluded that where all others had failed to bring Colonel "Jack" back into the fold he (Tim) could succeed. In the coaxing tone cultivated during years of political activity on the east side, Tim went at

activity on the east side, Tim went at his work.

"Now, Jack," he said, insinuatingly, "what do you want to go and fight the mayor for? Sure, he's a fine young fellow, bright and enterprising, and one of the best educated men in America."

"Educated!" exclaimed Colonel "Jack," contemptuously. "Educated, did you say?"

"Sure; he's one of the very best educated young fellows in this city."

"Educated!" reiterated Adams, putting an extra dose of contempt into his voice. "What would you say. Tim, if I told you that he was so little educated that he spells if with only one 'f?"

"Does he do that?" responded tim, in a heartbroken tone. a heartbroken tone.

Well, then, I have nothing further to say. I don't blame you.'

Garlic May Cause Strike.

(Chicago Tribune)

Scranton, Pa.—Three weeks ago a company's Peckville line ejected a passenger who was eating garlic scented bologna. The conductor was discharged by General Manager Silman. The street rallway amployees threaten to strike if he is not reinstated.



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